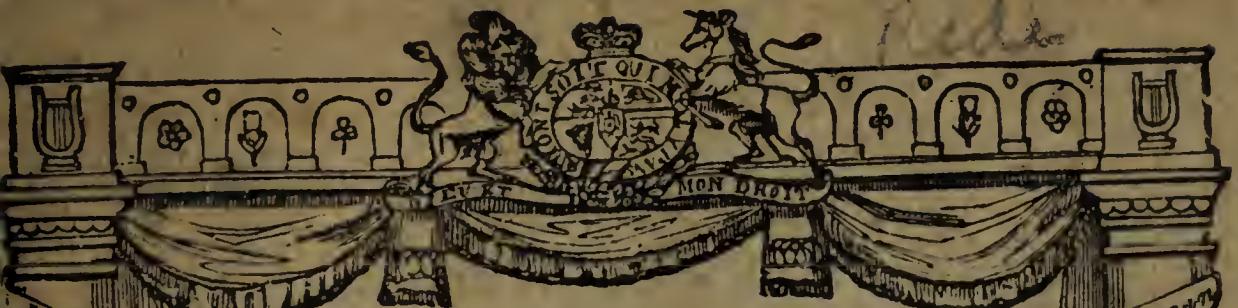


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HIS FIRST CHAMFRAGNE.

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS AND PLAY

BY LEMAN REDE ESO.

Author of *Jack in the Water*, *Our Village*, Sixteen
String Jack, *Loves of the Angels*, &c.

TORONTO, ONT.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,

With Remarks, by D.—G.

A Description of the Costume, cast of the Characters,
Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions of the Per-
formers, and the whole of the Stage Busines, as now
performed in the THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

Embellished with a

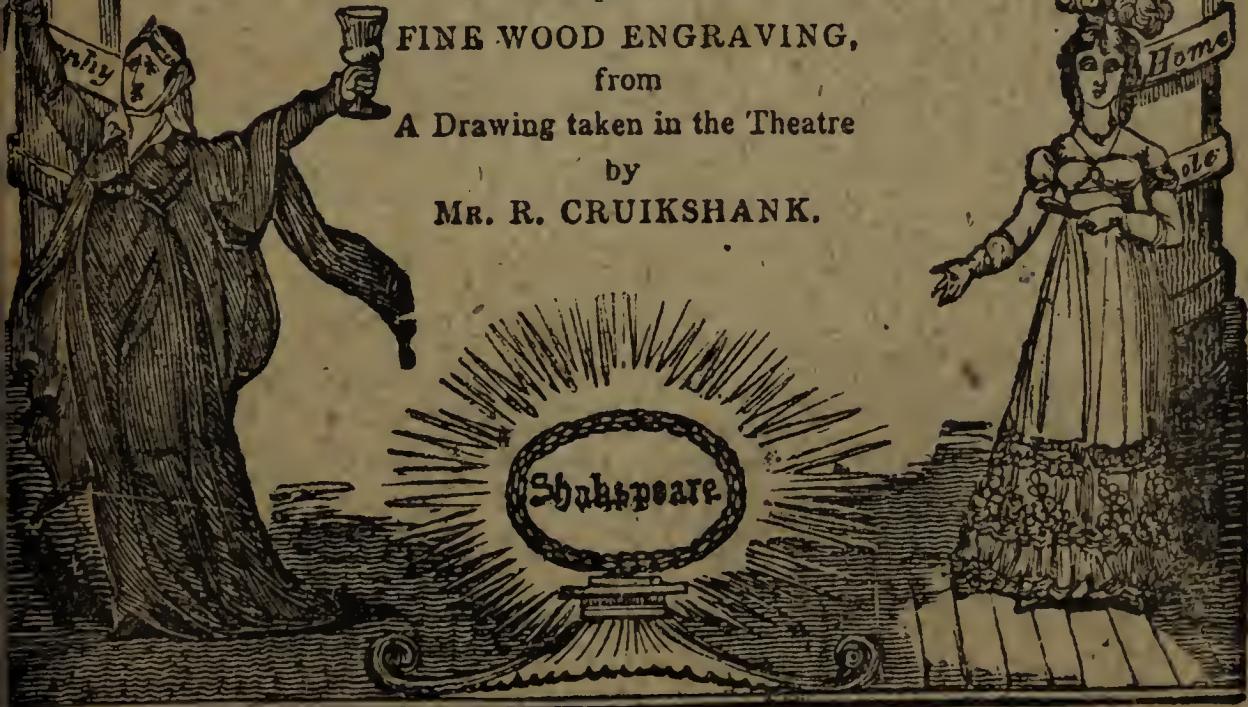
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A Drawing taken in the Theatre

by

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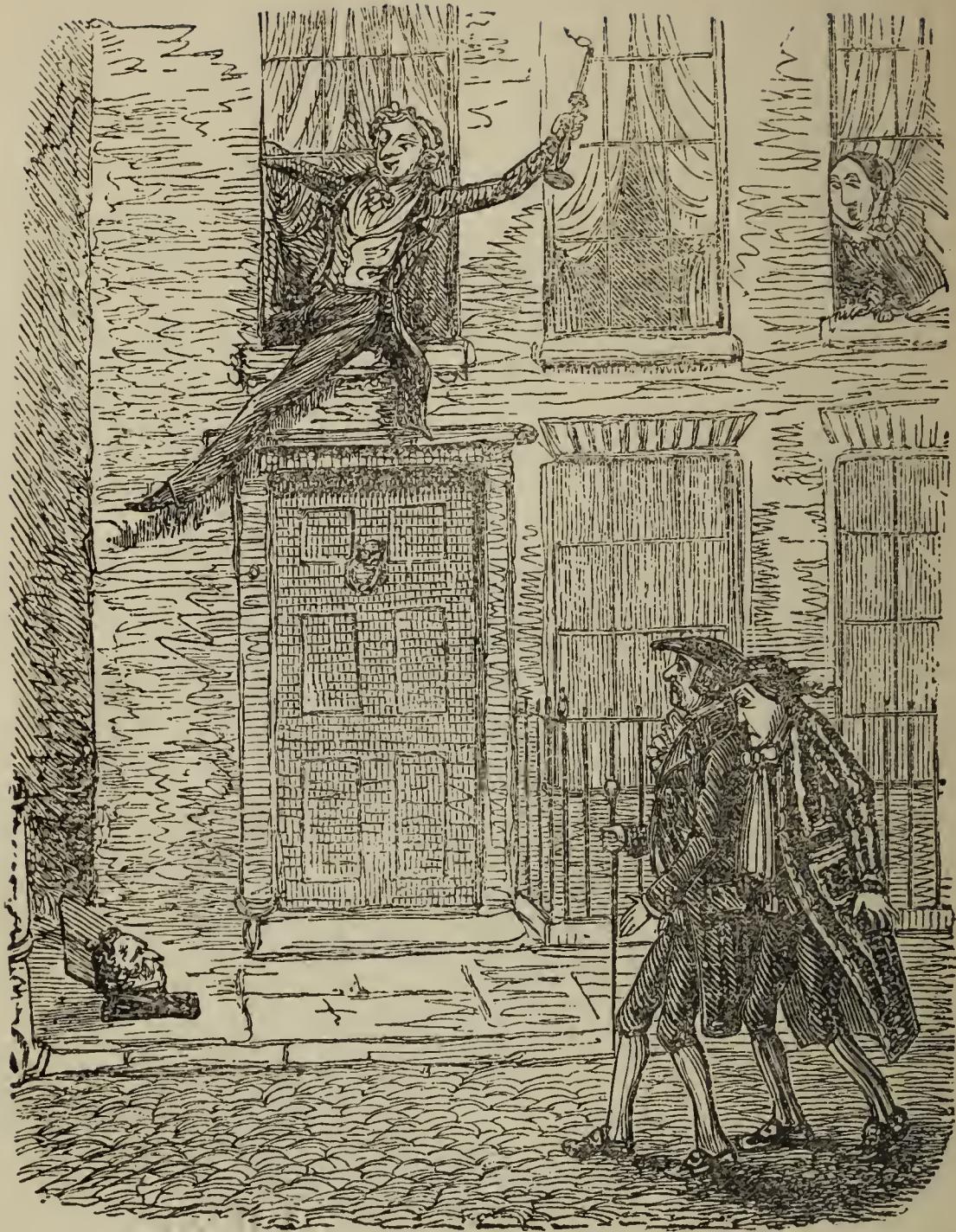
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R. B. BUTLAND

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37 KING ST. W.

TORONTO, ONT.



R. Cenikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

His First Champagne.

Craven. I'll get out of the window — by the Lord Harry I will,

Act II. Scene 4.

HIS FIRST CHAMPAGNE:

A FARCE,

In Two Acts,

BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE,

*Author of The Loves of the Angels, The Queen's Bench, Life's a Lottery,
Sixteen-String Jack, An Affair of Honour, The Irish Nigger,
Frolics of the Fairies, Hero and Leander,
Our Village, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

DAVIDSON, 19 PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND UPPER THAMES STREET.

REMARKS.

His First Champagne.

His first champagne! We well remember *our own*! When it was a guinea a bottle, too! and guineas, with us, *not* quite as plenty as blackberries. "Sherry for women! port for men; brandy for heroes!" said Dr. Johnson, in a fit of vinous enthusiasm. How comes it that he omitted *champagne*? Had he never drank it? The luxurious table of the high-fed, plethoric Thrile, forbids the conjecture. Did he not appreciate it?—We can only sigh *De Gustibus!* and pity his perversion of palate. "How like you the Yankees, Charley?" said Pope the actor, a feeder after Apicius's own heart, to Incledon, at their first meeting after the vocalist's transatlantic trip. "Immortally!" replied Incledon; "but they are horrible heretics in regard to *victualling*." "How?" enquired Pope, anxiously. "Why," rejoined Incledon, "they don't eat caper sauce with boiled leg of mutton, or cucumber with fresh salmon." "The villains!" roared Pope, reddening with rage, "Why—why, Charley, did we ever make peace with them?" We can easily sympathize with so accomplished a gourmand in his virtuous horror; and as an humble *pendant*, we say, Why did we ever make war against a nation that sends us champagne? unless for every bullet they return us a bottle of it!

Mr. Horatio Craven, A.M., is a gentleman with a pale face and a white neckcloth with a clerical tie. He has never been in love, but being about to marry, he thinks it will not be *much* amiss if he were to fall just a very little in love. But how? He is so bashful that the sight of a pretty woman makes him blush and stammer; and to be shown up as the lion at dinner parties; to be asked to carve anything but soup, sallad, or pudding,—the idea is dreadful! Would he extemporize anything amatory, he speaks as if he had a hot Norfolk dumpling or a quinsey in his throat! But the business is imperative; the lady of whom he is to be enamoured is Miss Bygrove, a beautiful young lass with a dash of wicked satire in her disposition; and whose heart is already given to a certain Captain Smith, a racketty redcoat, who had been forbidden to woo her—the rich soap-boiler's son Mr. Craven being, in the opinion of Mr. Morton, the most eligible husband of the two. Captain Smith, however, is not to be put off so easily; and, to help him in his need, a very appropriate agent is at hand.

A small legacy to a young gentleman, who has to fight his way through the world, often proves a great evil—(We say emphatically, a *young* gentleman—for we, of riper age respectfully observe that the smallest testamentary donations will be thankfully received from such short-lived liberal friends as may be inclined to remember us)—And why? Because it is apt to raise independent notions that after circumstances fail to realize. No one can better depose to this fact than Mr. Richard Watt. An old aunt left him a legacy of eight hundred pounds, on the receipt of which he fell in love and set up for a gentleman. But his career soon terminated in "*Spike hotel*," (some call it "*Denman lodge*!") an extensive establishment on the Surrey side of the Thames, belonging to her majesty. Mr. Watt has outlived the freshness of his wardrobe.—His coat is a pattern for a pigeon-house; his pumps emulate their namesake by letting *out* water, and not unfrequently letting it *in*, too; his hat has lost its identity—indeed, everything seems falling away from him—friends, fortune—all, save his appetite, which sticks close, and ever and anon gives him sharp tokens of its disagreeable presence. He has not even capital enough to buy a hurdy-gurdy,

or to set up in the Lucifer line. In this extremity he accidentally encounters Captain Smith, who informs his once faithful attendant, the sharp-set Mr. Watt! that his rival, the St. Mary Axe soap-boiler's son, is in want of a smart fellow to brush up his city manners; and puts a ten pound note into his hand that he may cast off his rag-fair habiliments and equip himself in a decent suit. This is soon done; and Mr. Richard Watt, whose astonished limbs jump for joy in their bran new trowsers, is regularly installed Mentor to his cockney Telemachus.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton—a contradictory couple—he, a quiet man; and she, a madam of the fiery order,—give a dinner, to which Mr. Craven is invited; and at which it is proposed Mr. Watt shall make his debut, as The Honourable Augustus Schwaltz, his very particular friend. Mr. Craven, after many nervous attempts to knock, conquers that difficulty, and enters the house, followed by the said Augustus. Unluckily Mr. Morton must be absent from dinner, an old acquaintance of his having been suddenly taken ill. To dine *tête-a-tête* with two pretty girls, Miss Bygrove his intended, and Miss Emily Morton! Will even the brass of Schwaltz be sufficient to bring him through? After a ludicrous colloquy between the ladies and gentlemen, the former retire to dress for dinner; and *then* Mr. Craven confidentially informs his friend that he will *not* marry Miss Bygrove—because she is much too satirical for *his* taste—but her cousin—*she* who paid him a pretty compliment!—has inspired him with a very different feeling.

If Telemachus has been tormented with his own bashfulness, Mentor has not been upon a bed of roses! The moment the street door opened, an apparition saluted him in the form of a smart lady's maid, whom he recognized as Mary Grubb, an old flame. The recognition was mutual; and Mary, down stairs and up, had never lost sight of her false swain. Right, and left, before, and behind; their eyes were sure to meet; hers, flaming with threatening indignation; his, averted and confused;—till at last, unable any longer to bear his cool impudence, she whispers audibly an ominous “*Dicky!*” This drives him off distractedly to hide his diminished Brutus in the water-butt!

Mary is telling her unvarnished tale to Mr. Craven, when Mrs. Morton enters unseen. She bounces forward furiously—Mr. Watt re-enters—Craven conjures him to explain—Miss Grubb puts in a word of intreaty—Glump, an old-fashioned domestic, gruffly announces that dinner is on table—Terence O'Connelly, an Irish footman, wants a round or two with the Right Honourable; and in the midst of this confusion, Mr. Craven hurries out to drink His First Champagne!

What is the result? He staggers into Mrs. Morton's private chamber, opens the bird-cage, and liberates her canary; he then courts *both* young ladies, and jumps out at window, chasing Miss Bygrove's Abigail over the full-blown tulip beds.—Petty well, as a beginning! for such a modest young gentleman.

Captain Smith, aided by Terence, has obtained ingress into the house of Mr. Morton, and, hid in a closet, anxiously expects a stolen interview with Miss Bygrove. During this, the timid Mr. Craven, in the figurative language of Glump, is “*going it* stronger than ever!” Mrs. Morton, having dispatched an imperative missive, summoning her better half home, resolves, by way of quieting her agitated nerves, to consult a bottle of curaçoa that happens to be deposited in the very closet where the captain lies *perdue*. As she fits in the key, out bolts Captain Smith. “*Thieves! robbery!*” shrieked by Mrs. Morton, bring in Mary Grub, the Irishman, and the Honourable: the latter consoles the screaming lady, and Terence whispers to Miss Grub *who* the presumed robber is.

Having played these unwonted pranks, Mr. Craven subsides into the ardent lover of Miss Emily; he kisses her hand, and, by a tremendous effort, (she nothing loth!) pays the like compliment to her lips! En-

countering subsequently the ever-watchful Mary, who, with a stolen bottle of champagne, seeks her sweetheart Mr. Watt ; he swallows a few more bumpers of that fascinating liquor, and kisses innumerable, imprinted on the cherry lips of Mrs. W. that is to be, are the consequences.

Mr. Morton has reached his own door, not in the best of humours with Glump for his cock-and-a-bull story about the thieves ; when, through the area circular iron, rises the well-known phisiognomy of the Honourable Augustus Swaltz. A conversation, held by the head and Mary Grubb to the effect that Swaltz, in order to escape from that sanguinary Irishman Terence, had retreated to the coal-cellars, into which he had been locked by Mrs. Morton,—convinces the old gentleman that his premises are beset by banditti ; and Glump is despatched for a policeman. In the meantime Mr. Craven, swinging his legs out at the first floor window, enters into a colloquy with the head, peeping through the pavement, and passes an occasional joke on "old mumble," Mr. Morton himself ! Roaring for his liberty—every door in the house being locked by the careful hostess—he sets the premises on fire, as his only means of escape ; the flames are, however, extinguished without doing much damage ; and the incendiary is brought to book for this drunken frolic. Captain Smith, half stifled in the closet, bawls to be let out ! The usual explanations follow ; the captain is rewarded with the hand of his fair mistress ; Mr. Craven is left to hope that, after a proper probation, and a total abstinence from champagne for a season, his addresses will be favourably received ; and Mr. Watt, as black as a negro, is hauled over the coals into the drawing-room ! A forgiving salute from Mary crowns his happiness ; and a musical finale puts all parties—the audience included—in good humour.

Champagne, at all times, is an extravagant wine ; its effects, too, it would seem, are no less extravagant ; both are in perfect keeping, and we like the *Farce*, though not the *wine*, all the better for it ! Craven was well played by Mr. F. Burton ; his mincing air, finicking gentility, and awkward bashfulness in the earlier scenes, were a humorous contrast to his mischievous fun and boisterous jollity, when the insidious liquor has taken the shine out of his modesty ! Terence O'Connelly, in the hands of Mr. Ryan, was a genuine picture of easy impudence, with a rich brogue and a brazen face. The occasional snatches of song were given with a gaiety peculiar to the Hibernian shouldeerknot. It is impossible to pass over Glump (Mr. Hughes) ; a nondescript that reminded us of a cut-down giant—a Gog in miniature, whose long, square chin, taking in the dewlaps, measured about one-third of his entire figure ; the remaining two being unequally divided between his body and legs—the latter, stumpy and ungainly, coming in for a very inconsiderable portion ! His heavy, opaque features corresponded with his droning voice and pronunciation ; and his livery skirts, of immense amplitude, sweeping the ground, and yawning outside pockets, completed this ludicrous specimen of nature and the tailor's journeymen. Richard Watt was originally played by Wrench.—The grave has closed upon his natural and gentlemanly humour, and, what is much better, upon a respectable member of society and a kind-hearted man. When we saw this farce, the hungry Richard was represented by Mr. Rede, who, of course, was upon his mettle, and made every point tell. Each joke was duly emphasised, and every look and turn studied to give effect to the joke. It was an epigrammatic performance, full of palpable hits ; some of which came with a modest single rap, others with a double rat-tat, as if the knocker had been under the influence of St. Vitus ! The ladies, without exception, did the author ample justice.



D.—G.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Metropolitan Theatres.

| | <i>Strand.</i> | <i>Olympic.</i> |
|---------------------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| <i>Mr. Morton</i> | Mr. W. Smith. | Mr. Turnour. |
| <i>Horatio Craven, A.M.</i> .. | Mr. Leman Rede. | Mr. F. Burton. |
| <i>Captain Smith</i> | Mr. Roberts. | Mr. Binge. |
| <i>Richard Watt</i> | Mr. Wrench. | Mr. Leman Rede. |
| <i>Terence O'Connelly</i> | Mr. Benson Hill. | Mr. Ryan. |
| <i>Glump</i> | Mr. Oxberry. | Mr. Hughes. |
| <i>Tramp</i> | Mr. Lewis. | Mr. Darcie. |
| <i>Mrs. Morton</i> | Mrs. Griffiths. | Mrs. Cooke. |
| <i>Emily Morton</i> | Miss Ares. | Miss Ward. |
| <i>Harriet Bygrove</i> | Miss Crisp. | Miss Grey. |
| <i>Mary Grubb</i> | Mrs. Leman Rede. | Miss Howard. |
| <i>Policemen, &c.</i> | | |

Costume.

MR. MORTON.—The dress of an elderly gentleman of the present day.

HORATIO CRAVEN.—Full dress, black.

CAPTAIN SMITH.—Undress of a cavalry officer.

RICHARD WATT.—Shabby coat, worsted pantaloons, pumps; and shabby white hat. *Second dress:* Claret surtout, skyblue satin waistcoat, fancy trousers—boots.

TERENCE O'CONNELLY.—Light coloured livery.

GLUMP.—Heavy livery.

TRAMP.—The dress of a waiter.

MRS. MORTON.—Fashionable modern dress.

EMILY MORTON.—Ibid.

HARRIET BYGROVE.—Ibid.

MARY GRUBB.—The dress of a lady's maid.

HIS FIRST CHAMPAGNE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in London.*

Enter TRAMP and TERENCE O'CONNELLY, R.

Tramp. This way, sir, this is the street; what number do you want?

Ter. I want no number at all; it's only in regard to a gentleman that I'm bid meet in the same. And this is London, is it? where all the streets are paved with gould. Sorrow's the bit of gould pavement I've seen yet any how—its covered with stones.

Tra. Can I be of any further service, sir?

Ter. Get out wid you! devil a service I want. Haven't I an illigant young lady for a master; and by the same token didn't she come to de Liverpool mail, 'long with her aunt, this mornin'?

Tramp. Our hotel's uncommon full; I shall be called for, sir.

Ter. Faith, that's the way wid me; I'm waiting here till I'm called for.—Come back wid you; isn't it a dram we'll take together?

Tramp. Sir, I never takes nothing short; it's so low. Good morning, sir. [Exit, R.]

Ter. The top of the mornin' to you. Where had you your broughtings up, to think a *doch an doris* bad manners? What'll I do? May be, Captain Smith 'll forget entirely to come. [Sings.]

AIR, "Groves of Blarney."

Here I am staying, carelessly straying;
Like a young maid a straying, or a bull in a pound;
Like a bird a flying, or a lover a sighing,
Or a lone pig a sty in, or a ship that's all aground.

[Looking off, L.] Success to me! but I'm acquainted wid the skirt of that coat turnin' fornist the corner—it's the

Captain, as sure as pratees is pratees!—Oh! it's illigant, this!

Enter CAPTAIN SMITH, L.

Cap. Terence, is that you?

Ter. It's myself, sir, I'll engage.

Cap. How is my Harriet? do you bear me any letters—any tidings?

Ter. Sure, I bear you nothing but good will, and that's of myself. My young leddy's well, sir, and comely as June; but she says you mustn't think of bringing yourself near her, at all at all, by reason of her aunt being so ob-stropolis.

Cap. Any more news of my rival?

Ter. Sure, sir, we was so busy wid our own 'rival here, that we never thought of your honour's at all.

Cap. And what sort of a journey had you?

Ter. Meaning myself or the ladies, sir? They were insides, my leddy, her aunt, and Mary Grubb, a darling—for an Englisher. I'm feared they were lonesome, poor creatures; they might have had me for an inside, but it warn't for me to offer, so I was stuck up behind the coachman.

Cap. And did my Harriet seem cheerful?

Ter. Fairly for that, sir; though the ould one did nothing but scold all the way from Liverpool to Manchester. By my faith, they might well call it a rail-road; but musha, Miss Harriet's sweet smile melted the ould devil's heart.

Cap. Terence, I am eternally indebted to you.

[*Gives money.*]

Ter. You're eternally paying off the debt; and that's fair, any how. Long life to your generosity! it's always de way wid you, overcoming my modesty.

Cap. You have, yourself, been in love, Terence?

Ter. Get out wid your honour!

Cap. And know how impossible it is to exist without beholding her you adore.

Ter. It's not to be done any how; barrin that a man's blind.

Cap. On you I must depend, to get into the house.

Ter. And it's on you I must depend, if I get out of my place.

Cap. Of course.

Ter. Sure I'll soon larn the ways of the Englishers; maybe I won't be well wid the maids, and smuggle your honour in of an evening. I'll get the porter out of the

way when I bring in the beer. But I must run, for my leddy only made an excuse for my seeing after the luggage. Oh, musha! what'll I do stravaighing about, when I've clean forgot the house where the street is I'm going to.

[Crosses to R.

Cap. I'll direct you; I'll see you to the corner, and then the next street will lead you to it.

Ter. I'll be obliged to it any way; for if one street don't lead me to another, I'll never find it at all. [Exeunt, R.

Enter RICHARD WATT, L.

Watt. I'm a scamp; there's no denying it; no man, looking at these elbows, could remain a moment in doubt. What's to be done, or rather, who's to be done? Somebody must—an enterprising tailor, and a benevolent boot-maker must be found,—but where? “And echo answered—where?” I must get a bed to-night; but where? Mine will be the bed of *where?* They said, at school, there was no such thing as a vacuum: what lies they tell boys!—here's your vacuums, one, two, three.

Re-enter CAPTAIN SMITH, R.

Cap. [Calling off to Terence.] To the left; that's right!

Watt. That's right! that's Smith, or I'm wrong. Servant, sir.

Cap. You have the advantage of me, sir.

Watt. Have I? 'tisn't in toggery. And have you quite forgotten your once faithful attendant, Richard Watt?

Cap. Ha! now I know you, Watt.

Watt. I thought you'd soon know what's what.

Cap. What are you doing?

Watt. Trying how long a man can exist without food, that's all.

Cap. What, fortune has been frowning, hey?

Watt. Yes, knitting brows, instead of purses. I was once a smart fellow; now my coat's a pattern for a pigeon-house; how I put it on is a marvel and a mystery. My hat (it was once a hat, though you mayn't think it) is now a shapeless mass. My pumps retain only one quality appertaining to pumps, that of letting water; and the condition of my un-namables is really unmentionable.

Cap. You must have fallen into error, sir; when you left me for Lord Sydenham you were well off.

Watt. I was ; but unfortunately an aunt left eight hundred pounds, and that ruined me.

Cap. How could that injure you ?

Watt. Why, what is eight hundred pounds ? too much for servitude, too little for independence. I might have continued a gentleman's gentleman, and increased it ; I set up for a gentleman myself, and spent it ; then I got in love, in debt, in jail—

Cap. Let me congratulate you on your release ; you are again taking the benefit of the air.

Watt. Having just taken the benefit of the act. I was discharged this morning from the Fleet prison : after being duly admonished by the commissioners, and unduly opposed by my creditors.

Cap. And what do you think of doing ?

Watt. Starving. What the devil can I do ? I've no money to buy a hurdy-gurdy, or set me up in the match line.

Cap. Have you ingenuity enough to get into the house that's carefully barr'd against you ?

Watt. Burglariously, or how ?

Cap. Psha ! I, like the accomplished Mr. Watt, have rather outrun my means ; and my follies have determined my worthy guardian, Mr. Morton, to decline my visits ; thereby preventing me from seeing my lovely Harriet Bygrove.

Watt. That is ; Mrs. Captain Smith that is to be.

Cap. " 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd."

Watt. And, with some difficulty, doubtless, accomplished. The lady's willingness, it would be impertinent to doubt.

Cap. We were reared together ; our affection is reciprocal. But she is a ward in chancery, and I don't wish to pass our honeymoon in your late lodgings.

Watt. Spike hotel. No, it wouldn't be pleasant ; I was chumm'd with four.

Cap. Of Morton's consenting ultimately, I have hopes ; but he is infatuated against my cloth, and imagines that a racketing captain can't sober down into a steady husband ; besides, the heir of a rich soap boiler woos the lady.

Watt. I see ; his *palm* soap carries the day.

Cap. Not quite : he makes little progress with the lady, from his inveterate bashfulness.

Watt. A bashful soap boiler !

Cap. Nay, nay, he had nothing to do with the soap,—

was brought up at Cambridge — has made the grand tour.

Watt. Through Greece? that was in the family way. His name?

Cap. Horatio Craven.

Watt. Craven! and his father boiled soap in Simmery Axe! I know him well, or, rather, did know him. You must be aware, sir, that I've had a quarter's schooling. My poor aunt, rest her memory! sent me to an academy, at Hoxton; where, being Master Craven's senior, I made him my warming-pan all night, and my fag all day.

Cap. My dear fellow, he is now in want of a mentor such as you; a companion, rather than a servant, to brush up his manners, not his clothes. But who the deuce is to recommend you? I mustn't.

Watt. Oh, I can have a capital character from my last place—I don't mean the fleet.

Cap. Art sure?

Watt. Quite.—Look at my coat; it's the livery of honesty. I could, long ago, have had good clothes, but I couldn't afford to do it at the price of a good character.

Cap. Allons, then. [Crossing to L.] We'll talk over a plan as we go.

Watt. Captain, as I am rather upon the rather, hadn't we better part company, 'till—what a d——d bad hat this is, isn't it?

Cap. [Considering.] I don't like to send you to my own tailor's, for one or two reasons.

Watt. I guess them, and respect your feelings; there's a tailor or two I can't call on at present.

Cap. Pooh! pooh! 'tisn't that. Here, will ten pound equip you?

Watt. [Taking the note.] They make these things just as they did formerly. A ten pound note! you're with me once again—this'll do capitally.

Cap. Meet me at the Bedford; and as soon as possible.

[Exit, L.

Watt. [Looking at the note.] My smiling cherub! shall I change thee in Hemming's Row, or bear thee to Holywell Street? Richard Watt, you're in luck. Now to luxuriate in white ducks, and shoes with soles to them—now for a hat with a crown to it, and a pocket with a crown in it;—let me cast off these weeds, and then "Richard's himself again."

[Exit, L.

SCENE II.—*Apartments.*

MR. (R.) and MRS. MORTON, L., discovered sitting, sulkily.

Mor. Just like you; you first spoil the girl, then wonder she is what you have made her.

Mrs. M. I—I, Mr. Morton—

Mor. Dear.

Mrs. M. Answer me one question. Isn't Harriet Bygrove my brother's child?

Mor. I can't undertake to say. I believe he, poor fellow, thought so, and died in his delusion.

Mrs. M. Didn't he make you her guardian, and haven't you brought her up?

Mor. Yes.

Mrs. M. Petted and spoiled her?

Mor. No.

Mrs. M. No! Did you ever contradict her?

Mor. No; but as you always did, that made amends.

Mrs. M. Didn't I object to the lover you proposed?

Mor. You've objected to everything I've proposed these twenty years.

Mrs. M. I wish I had objected to one thing you proposed—matrimony.

Mor. I wish, from my soul, you had.

Mrs. M. Ugh!

[*A pause.*]

Mor. I shoud be glad if some one would call, if it was only the milkman; it would make a change.

Mrs. M. Mr. Morton!

Mor. Well, dear.

Mrs. M. Captain Smith is no match for my niece; when he came, why didn't you turn him out of doors?

Mor. I did; and then he got in at the window.

Mrs. M. You should have forbade him your house.

Mor. I did; and then they met in the garden.

Mrs. M. He has squandered his fortune, and depends on his commission for support.

Mor. My dear, I've obeyed your wishes; I've found your niece a new lover.

Mrs. M. Mr. Craven—I object to him; with her fortune she should have a man of name and family. Has Mr. Craven any family? answer me that.

Mor. None at present, I believe. [They rise.]

Mrs. M. Mr. M. you are unbearable. You let that silly girl visit her estates in Ireland, with no one but a twaddling

attorney and a stupid house-keeper to look after her. Captain Smith gets his regiment quartered in Dublin, and there they stay, philandering, whilst you are twiddling your thumbs at home.

Mor. My dear, I'll twiddle them abroad, if I don't have peace. I'm a quiet man, a disciple of Mr. Owen's principle of universal harmony. But your niece was consigned to me as a business transaction. Now I never interfere in domestic matters, and I can allow no interference in business. I brought Harriet Bygrove up according to her father's wishes ; but, rather than interfere with yours, I let you do as you please with your own daughter ; though I, as her father, might have some slight claim to a voice in the matter.

Mrs. M. Well, sir, and isn't she all a father could wish ?

Mor. Undeniably, dear ; but, somehow, all the young fellows get frightened away—I don't say by whom. She is now twenty-three, and yet in a state of single blessedness.

Mrs. M. And a happy state, too !

Mor. I perfectly agree with you !

Mrs. M. Now, Mr. M., let me tell you what *I've* settled for both these girls. In the first place—

Mor. Certainly—I agree—I'm convinced—I know all the argument, and I confess I'm beaten. Marry 'em, or don't marry 'em ; only let me have a quiet house. [Crosses to L.—*Terence* heard singing without.] What in patience name's that ?

Mrs. M. Your niece's servant,—a poor kind-hearted Irish lad, who was born on the estate. She must have recovered from her journey ; I'll go to her, and tell her that I and you have agreed.

Mor. Agreed ! that's a thing we haven't done these twenty years.

Mrs. M. I shall tell her she must forget this Smith,—that she ought to look much higher.

Mor. Umph ! Captain Smith is five feet ten.

Mrs. M. Mr. M., you're an obstinate, provoking—

Mor. I am, my dear, there's no denying it. But go to her ; and pray tell that fellow to keep his Irish howl for the proper period, my death ; which won't be long first, at this rate.

Mrs. M. Tell him yourself, sir ! Ugh ! what could I expect, marrying a man who knows nothing of polished society.

[*Exit, R.*

Mor. I shall never make her a convert to Owen's system; universal harmony won't suit her. When I courted her she couldn't speak above a whisper—just like 'em all. I remember, when I popped the question, she sat blushing like a crocodile in white muslin, and could hardly mince out "yes;" and now—well, Cæsar, Socrates, and I, all had our misfortunes.

Enter GLUMP, with a letter, L.

Mor. Oh! Mr. Craven's reply. [Reading.] "*Certainly do myself—honour—polite invita—*" Um! um! that's the style; none of your rattle and dash for me. Did Mr. Craven appear in spirits?

Glump. Vot, drunk?

Mor. Drunk, you booby! No! did he seem happy?

Glump. Appy! I believe you; he was up to his eyes in books, improving of his intellects.

Mor. Ah! like all your great scholars, quite abstracted by his studies.

Glump. Not a bit; he warn't distracted by no means; he's as sensible as myself.

Mor. A great achievement, certainly. Well, while a domestic is quiet, I can forgive the errors of education. James, you have now a fellow-servant.

Glump. Yes, I sees another individual has comed.

Mor. He's a stranger in town, and you must show him the streets.

Glump. I'll turn him out with the utmost welecity.

Mor. Turn him out! what for?

Glump. You said, show him the street.—'Sides, he's a Irishman, and I hates foreigners.

Mor. For shame, James; what has this poor fellow done to you?

Glump. He get a talking to our Becky! and I rather objects to that—he wants to marry—

Mor. Why, he hasn't been in the house six hours; what induces you to think he want's to marry her?

Glump. 'Cause he said he was a single man; and then began a talking of doubling.

Mor. Mark me, James, you must be kind to him;—but tell him he must not sing.

[*Terence is heard singing without.*

Glump. He's at it now; "warbling his native wood notes wild."

Mor. Tell him I can't allow any caterwauling.

Glump. The werry thing I said when he spoke to Becky. But he's as ignorant as a hover driv hox.

Mor. Well, then, do you endeavour to instruct him; do you hear? [Exit, R.

Glump. I shan't construct him; let him go to the 'roch school for the construction of infants. [Terence again heard singing.] There he goes again; shaking as if he had the ague. Here, you mister!

Enter TERENCE O'CONNELLY, L.

Ter. What is it, Jewel?

Glump. Young man, you mustn't kick up no rows here.

Ter. Rows? it's an illigant judge of music you are. Did you never hear of the boys of Kilkenny?

Glump. No, nor I don't wan't; I'm a hindividul of intellects, not one of a race of savages.

Ter. Savages! I've a mind to prove my civilization by knocking your ugly teeth down your ill-looking throat, you dirty spalpeen!

Glump. I can't converse wi' you, unless you speaks dictionary words; I don't hargue in Hirish.

Ter. Irish! I'll talk English with any man in your dirty country! Irish!—Hoo! who are you, I'd like to learn?

Glump. I'm member of a club for the general confusion of knowledge.

Ter. I believe that same; and an influential member you are.

Glump. Now you talk sense. Do you know how I'm so much cleverer than other chaps?

Ter. 'Pon my soul I don't.

Glump. I don't think as its altogether nat'ral genius.

Ter. No, nor I.

Glump. Whenever I hears a word I don't understand, I looks it out in this here dict'nary.

Ter. By the okey, it seems mighty well thumbed.

Glump. Don't you say hokey, 'cause it ain't a dick'nary word. I can't find it 'mong the h's. [Crossing to L.] And don't you talk no more to our Becky, 'cause she is going to be Mrs. Glump, and I don't want no nem. con. in my my family. [Exit, L.

Ter. And a sweet family it is, darling; myself and my young leddy are the only dacent fellows in the house. Oh! illigant Dublin! why would I lave you? beaking the hearts of the craturs from one end of the city to the other. Divil

may care ! maybe some rich lady here may cast an eye of affection on Terence O'Connely ; and I may live to go back to the ould place, for all I know, as the Irish ambassador.

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The Exterior of Morton's House.*

Enter WATT, showily dressed, L. 3d E.

Watt. My limbs must feel quite surprised at having new trowsers on. I'm in luck ; new togs and a new place, all in an hour. Who'd have thought the soap boiler would have bit so readily. That's old Morton's house, and he has a daughter ; I've a great mind to push my fortune—Dicky Watt, why not?—Mary Grubb, there's the rub ! But she's proved faithless—left her last place without writing to me : to be sure, she didn't know where I was, and couldn't write if she did. Psha ! my morals are too severe ; I must not be so cursed virtuous. Mary Grub. I renounce you ! and now, hey for a wealthy bride ! I wish my bashful master would make haste ; I must not be seen loitering about here. Oh ! here he is.

Enter HORATIO CRAVEN, L. 3d E.

Cra. My heart misgives me in this affair ; I dread dinner parties.

Watt. Do you ? I haven't been annoyed much that way of late.

Cra. And visiting as I do ; trotted out for inspection, to be stared at as a show.

Watt. But, sir, you've seen the lady before, you say.

Cra. Yes, but that was at Epsom ; where the bustle of the race took off the awkwardness of the introduction.—But now, at a quiet dinner—oh ! it will be dreadful.—If they ask me to carve I shall faint !

Watt. I never carve, except batter-pudding and soup.

Cra. But what I most dread is, that, in the evening, Mr. Morton might attempt to leave me alone with his niece—a young, beautiful, and accomplished woman.—What shall I do then ?

Watt. Can't say ; I know what I should do.

Cra. Now, mark me : do not let anything induce you to leave me for a moment ; if you do I shall either ruin all by blushing and stammering, or else blurt out the question at once, to end the matter : and, to tell you the truth, I'm merely here to reconnoitre ; for though Miss Bygrove is

young and rich, there is a spirit of satire about her, that I should dread for a wife.

Watt. Why venture at all, sir?

Cra. Mr. Morton is next heir to an advowson of great value; this visit makes me a rector.

Watt. And this letter makes me di-rector. Of my credentials you are satisfied.

Cra. Lord Sutherland's letter is sufficient; I shall introduce you as—as—as—what?

Watt. Not as Watt; hang it, let me have a good name—The Honourable Augustus Swaltz.

Cra. Swaltz—of what family?

Watt. He'll not ask that; If he does, I'll manufacture a family. Rely upon me, I'll get you through it; and if it should prove that the lady is really distasteful to you, I'll make desperate love to her, and so you can declare off.

Cra. Guard well your manners. I am unused to society; but do you know that it strikes me that—forgive me—you are not so strictly elegant as—

Watt. Not elegant? D—me! you surprise me; Lord Sutherland used to say to me—Dick, for real elegance you beat Brummel by chalks.

Cra. Well, well, manners may differ; only be a little quiet that's all.

Watt. I'll be as little quiet as possible.

Cra. I dread to knock; if I once knock, I can't run away.

Watt. Do you remember how we used to knock and run away, at Hackney?

Cra. Hush! [Knocks.] I've passed the rubicon—mercy on me! [GLUMP opens the door—Craven goes in.]

Watt. [Going up to the door, starts.] I know that face on the stairs, that's staring on my face—Mary Grubb, my old sweetheart, as I'm alive! I'm done, finished, and rolled up! If I go in, I shall be found out!

Glump. [Aside.] That chap's making a ventriloquy by himself. [To Watt.] If you please, t'other gentleman wants you.

Watt. Brass, I invoke thee! [To Glump.] Very well, young man, very well. She'll never have the impudence to own me. Oh! Mary Grubb, Mary Grubb! I'd be a butterfly, if it was only to fly away from this cursed scrape.

[Exit into the house.]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment at Mr. Morton's.*

Enter MARY GRUBB, cautiously, R.

Mary. [Calling.] Miss Bygrove; Miss Bygrove. I'm strangely puzzled with that tall 'un's face; it's like Dicky Watt as one pea is to another. Yet it can't be him, for this is a friend of Mr. Craven's; besides, Dicky's at sea, he is; his last letter said he should soon join the fleet. What a shame it is of government to take one's sweethearts for sailors, leaving a true-hearted girl all alone. That Mr. O'Connelly's a very polite man for an Irishman, but I don't think he's a marrying man—for he's always praising the sister kingdom. What is Miss about? Oh! bedizening herself I suppose, as Mr. Craven's come. I hate such stuff; "Beauty, when unadorn'd's, adorn'd the most."

Enter HARRIET BYGROVE, L.

Mary. Oh! Miss, he's here.

Har. Has he arrived alone?

Mary. No, Miss; another's with him.

Har. Who is he?

Mary. That's what I want to know, Miss.

Har. Some friend of my uncle's, I suppose.

Mary. I rather think not, Miss; there was so much bowing going forward; and your uncle seemed quite in a quandary like, because old Mr. Sweetman's not expected to live, and he is obliged to hurry there immediately.

Har. And we are to be left to entertain the visitors, I suppose. I hope Mr. Craven's friend has the gift of small talk, or we shall be a most delectable party. Well, dear Emily.

Enter EMILY MORTON, R.

Emily. Oh, love! poor Mrs. Sweetman is in such distress—Mr. S. is not expected to live!

Har. Well, dear, there's nothing so very distressing in that! Mrs. Sweetman will become weeds amazingly—she's so fair!

Mary. And that's a great comfort to any lady in her troubles, I can tell you, Miss.

Har. You may leave us, Mary.

Mary. [Aside.] I'll have a peep at the tall 'un, for all that. [Exit, L.]

Har. Now, Emily, here are two beaus; prepare for the warfare of love, the glory of conquest.

Emily. Nonsense, dear ; one, you know, is already devoted.

Har. Devoted, my love ! you speak as if it was a sacrifice ; but if you mean Mr. Craven, he's perfectly at your service ; such a timorous, staid young gentleman won't do for me.

Emily. Hush !

[*Exeunt, r.*]

Enter MR. MORTON, l., followed by CRAVEN and WATT.

Mor. My dear young friend, I rely on your goodness for an excuse ; Mr. Sweetman is my oldest friend ; Mrs. M. has already gone to comfort the afflicted wife ; I must hurry to him, but rely on my immediate return.

Cra. By no means ; let us defer the honour of this visit to another time. [*Aside.*] Thank heaven, we shall get out of the house !

Watt. [*Aside.*] So say I ; I know that devil of a girl's on the watch.

Mor. What, the son of my old associate ! No, no, you shall dine tête-a-tête with the girls.

Cra. [*Leaning on Watt.*] The world's at an end !

Mor. [*To Watt.*] It is to you, sir, I should rather make my excuses.

Watt. Oh ! don't name it. [*Crossing to c.*] If men will kick the bucket, you can't help it.

Cra. (l.) Kick the bucket ! will you hold your tongue ?

Watt. [*Aside, c.*] Yes, and hide my face ; for I'll swear Mary's peeping. [*Crosses to l.*]

Re-enter HARRIET BYGROVE and EMILY MORTON, r.

Mor. Allow me to introduce my daughter, sir.—Mr. Craven, my dear. Miss Bygrove, you already know. Miss Bygrove, Mr.—excuse me—Sweetman's illness has so confused me, that I quite forget your friend's name.

Cra. [*Aside, l. c.*] 'Pon my soul, and so do I. [*Apart to Watt.*] What the devil is your name ?

Watt. (l.) Swaltz.

Cra. Aye ; The Honourable Augustus Salts.

Watt. Salts !

Cra. Salts—Snolts—Swaltz.

Mor. Miss Bygrove—my daughter.

Watt. [*Aside.*] I'll dash on, this won't do. [*Crossing to to the ladies, r. c.*] Miss Bygrove, delighted to see you looking so salubrious ; Miss Morton, proud to have the honour of so pleasurable a pleasure—[MARY is seen peeping, r.] There she is sure enough !

Mor. Girls, I leave you to entertain Mr. Craven and his friend. I'll return, if possible, to dinner; if not, I know my young friend will do the honours.

Cra. [Aside, L.] I'd as soon commit a murder.

Mor. (L.) Once more, pray excuse this apparent rude—

Watt. Of course, we know you're a parent; don't mind us, we'll do the agreeable—there, there, away with you! [Exit *Mr. Morton*, L.—*Apart to Craven.*] Pluck up a spirit, you don't see me flinch! [Aside, seeing *Mary peeping*, L. S. E.] Oh! the devil! [Crosses to L.]

Har. (R.) I'm afraid, Mr. Craven, you have lost your spirits since we met at Epsom.

Cra. (c.) Ma'am?

Har. I remember you were the life of us all.

Cra. [Aside.] You'll be the death of me! [Apart to *Watt.*] Why don't you speak?

Watt. [Apart, L.] I can't, I can't!—D—n it! do you think no one's modest but yourself?

Emily. Mr. Craven has been absorbed in studies, Harriet, and is not apt, I dare say, to rattle on like you; there is often an eloquence in silence that language cannot attain.

Cra. I appreciate the compliment, madam, though I little deserve it; I have no pretensions to be called deep-read.

Watt. [Aside.] I have; I blush like scarlet!

Har. Were you last year at Epsom, Mr. Salts?

Watt. [Aside.] What does she say about Epsom salts?

Cra. [Aside.] Ugh! this fellow's worse than myself.—[Aloud.] No, madam, my friend was at that time abroad, in the service of government.

Watt. Yes, ma'am, I was in service at that time; but I'm devilish fond of races and all that sort of thing. [Apart to *Craven*, crossing to c.] I'll carry you through! [Aloud.] At last Doncaster I backed a filly against Lord Sutherland's Pretty Molly. [Aside.] I see her head! [Aloud.] Molly bolted—[Aside.] I wish she would! [Aloud.]—and I won by—a head—and that's an end of the tale!

[During *Watt's* speech, *Mary* looks in at R. S. E., exits, and appears again, “bobbing her head in and out, R.

Har. Of all things I love a race!

Watt. [Aside.] The human race; that's a hint to me; I'll improve it. [Aloud.] Yes, ma'am, a course on a fine day is delightful.—Then to see them come in, and all the

heads popping and bobbing in and out. [MARY is seen again.] Curse me, if I can stand this! [Crosses to L.]

Cra. [Who has been up, c., with Emily, and presenting her with a rose from a vase of flowers, comes down, R.] I am but a poor botanist, Miss Morton, but should be proud to profit by your tuition: roses seem only formed to be tended by the beauty they adorn.

Watt. [Aside.] Curse his impudence!

Har. But you, Mr. Waltz, are for more active pleasures, and would resign all these delights, I suppose, for a canter?

Watt. [Aside.] I'd resign 'em all for a decanter. I'm dry as a chip!

Emily. Harriet. [Bell heard, R.] Mr. Craven, I trust you will consider yourself the host, and Mr. —, your friend, and ourselves as your guests.

[Exeunt Harriet and Emily, R.]

Watt. Don't be shy, let's go too. [Crosses to R.]

Cra. Booby! don't you know they are going to dress for dinner?

Watt. Oh! if they are going to dress the dinner, that's all right.

Cra. What possessed you? I thought you were a bold fellow: I believe, had I not been here, you would have run away.

Watt. [Aside.] That I should. [Aloud.] I don't know how it was—alarm on your account I suppose. No woman could frighten me.

Enter MARY GRUBB, R., and crosses to L.

There she is again, by jingo!

Cra. What's the matter now—are you in pain?

Watt. Yes, I've an affection here—all at the back here.

Cra. What, a sort of lumbago?

Watt. A devil of an embargo, I'm afraid!

Cra. Get a bath, you'll be rid of it. [Exit Mary, L. S. E.]

Watt. [Looking round.] I'd better go to Bath to get rid of it!

Cra. I'll shall not marry Miss Bygrove.

Watt. [Aside.] Hurrah! then I or Smith will.

Cra. I marked her sneers. She knows my infirmity, and plays upon it. Her cousin is a very different person; you heard her pretty compliment—she has an immense deal of good sense!

Watt. Then I suppose I must make love to Miss Bygrove. I'm the boy for a lady.

Re-enter MARY GRUB, L.

Mary. I'm sure it's he. [Calling.] Dicky!

Watt. Ah! it is all Dicky.

Cra. What's that?

Watt. Some one calling to the canary, Dicky, Dicky! [Aside.] I wish I was on the dicky of the York mail, going ten miles an hour. [Mary advances, L.] Here's one of the maids wants to speak to you, sir. Talk to her while I go and hide myself in the water-butt. [Runs off, R.]

Mary. If you please, sir, can I speak to you?

Cra. If you please, my dear, you can.

Mary. Is that your friend, if you please, sir?

Cra. Um! Yes, he is my friend. Why?

Mary. 'Cause he was mine, if you please, sir, and he's been a cruel, false-hearted man to me, sir!

Cra. How so, my dear? where did you ever meet him?

Mary. In White Conduit Gardens, if you please, sir.

Cra. [Half aside.] White Conduit Gardens will ruin us all!

Mary. No, sir, it couldn't ruin him, for we had only two teas and a glass of negus. And then, sir, he made love to me, he did; and he promised to marry me, he did, and he didn't.

Cra. He did, and he didn't! Sweetly explanatory.

Mary. But I'll tell my young mistress of him I will; for all his fine clothes he's only a servant like me. I like his making love to Miss Bygrove.

Cra. [Aside.] I'm in a pretty predicament. [Aloud.] My dear, this is some mistake; my friend is incapable of such atrocity. There now, don't cry—

Enter MRS. MORTON, unperceived, at the back, R.

Mrs. M. So, there's the bashful gentleman. Why, he's whispering to that hussey.

Cra. [Giving money.] Accept this, but don't say anything to your young lady.

Mrs. M. [Aside.] So, so!

Cra. Depend upon it, the person in question cares nothing for Miss Bygrove or Miss Morton either.

Mrs. M. [Coming forward.] Why, you impudent soap boiler!

Cra. Madam!

Mrs. M. Do you come to contaminate my household—to deprave my domestics?

Cra. On my word, madam, I never meant—

Mary. No, ma'am, he never meant—

Mrs. M. Hold your tongue! [To *Craven.*] What did you give her money for?

Cra. I—I—I'm dumb-founded—ma'am—Here comes my friend—he will explain all—I—

Re-enter WATT, R.

Now, before I'm quite mad, explain all this!

Watt. All what?

Cra. I don't know, but you must make all clear.

Watt. [Crossing to her.] Mrs. Morton, the fact is, in one minute I'll prove that this is a mere error.

Mrs. M. If you please, sir. [Mary catches Watt's eye.

Watt. I'm off!

Cra. Stay—if you go, I'm ruined!

Mrs. M. Sir, I will not be insulted!

Cra. Madam—madam!

Watt. Stay—if you go, I'm ruined!

Mary. And won't you own me, Dicky? Have you forgotten your own Mary Grub?

Enter GLUMP, R.

Glump. Dinner's on table.

Watt. [Aside.] Here's grub on both sides!

Mary. Oh! I'm an injured young woman!

Watt. [Aside.] I must bounce it. [Aloud.] I really don't know you, young woman. Does she live here?

Glump. She only comed to-day.

Enter TERENCE, L.

Ter. And is it yourself, darling, that's wailing? Oh! myself will beat the blackguard, whoever he is.

Watt. That fellow's a lunatic.

Glump. No he aint, he's a Irishman.

Watt. Has he his mental faculties?

Glump. I don't know; he's got someut tied up in a handkercher.

[Exit, R.—*Mary* restrains *Terence* from attacking *Watt.*

Mrs. M. [Advancing.] Well, Mr. Craven, still your friend's conduct is to be explained.

Mary.

Watt.

Ter.

Ma'am, I—

'Pon my honour—

By the hill of Howth—

FINALE.

AIR, GARYONE, “*We may roam through this world.*”
 (A Chord—No symphony.)

Watt. Pooh, nonsense, young woman ; it’s nothing at all,
 In vain do you bother, and blubber, and bawl ;
 I’ll talk it all over the first time I call—
 Why make such a bother about it ?

Mary. My tender heart will burst with woe,
 I was to be your wife you know.

Watt. You was to be my wife ? Oh, no !

All, but } There’s every reason to doubt it !
Mary. }

All. Pooh, nonsense, &c.
 In vain, &c.

They’ll talk it all over the next time they call.

Mary. { Why make, &c.
 I will make, &c.

Cra. Indeed, my dear madam, this must be a flam ;
 My friend is too honest and good—

Watt. So I am.
 Let her say what she pleases, I don’t care a d—n !
 I’m not such a profligate sinner.

Mary. If you’ll but hear my story told,
 His wily ways I’ll so unfold.

Re-enter GLUMP, R.

Glu. The wine is hot, the soup is cold ;
 You’d better come unto your dinner.

Omnes. Pooh, nonsense, &c.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment.*

Enter HARRIET BYGROVE and MARY, R.

Har. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha ! Well, Mr. Craven certainly exceeds all I ever saw of bashfulness.

Mary. You know, Miss, you’ve passed some years in Ireland, and there the gentlemen ain’t much given that way.

Har. Pray, how did you discover that?

Mary. Oh! I discovered it long ago, ma'am; the English gentlemen are twice as timid.

Har. So much the worse; a timid man is generally a fool, or a hypocrite, often both. Mr. Craven's friend, Mr. Snolts, don't appear of a very bashful nature.

Mary. No, ma'am, that he ain't, I know.

Har. You know! and pray how do you know?

Mary. If you please, Miss, if you won't be angry, I'll tell you all the truth.

Har. Angry! No.

Mary. Then, Miss, that Mr. ——, the other gentleman, isn't a gentleman at all; I knew him afore I came here, Miss, and there was a little kindness between us, if you please, Miss.

Har. I'm sorry to hear it, Mary; you should have known better; consider his station, he was born above you.

Mary. He was; he was born in a garret in Tooley-street.

Har. A garret! What are you talking of?

Mary. Of Dicky Watt—him as comes here as the Honourable Mr. Vaults;—he's not honourable at all, Miss, else he'd a married me long before.

Har. You mistake, child; he is Mr. Craven's friend.

Mary. I don't know who's friend he is, but I know he was to be my husband. We were brought up together, and I went to service, and so did he; and at last I lost sight of him 'till I saw him here to-day

Har. Then Mr. Craven must have been deceived by him.

Mary. Very likely, Miss, he'd deceive the very deuce—for he deceived me, Miss.

Har. I noticed the vulgarity of his manner;—my aunt, too, was at first incensed at something.

Mary. Why, Miss, she came in just as I was telling him what a false-hearted wretch he was; but he talked her over quite like a fine gentleman.

Har. And at dinner, managed to ingratiate himself into her good graces. Take no notice at the present moment, Mary, for I expect a visitor, on whose prudence I can rely.

[*Exit*, L.

Mary. I'll go and look after Dicky. I'm not going to lose a husband without trying for it; they're none so plenty.

[*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Dining Room—table, with wine and desert, and chairs, c. f.—a closet, R.—a window, L. F.*

CRAVEN and WATT discovered seated.

Cra. (R.) Altogether then, I acquitted myself fairly.

Watt. (L.) Very fair, except carving the fowl and clapping your elbow into the custard-dish. Another bumper, and you'll do.

Cra. Really, it makes quite another man of me.

Watt. [Aside.] It will soon.

Cra. If the ladies were here now, I really think I could say something ; upon my honour I could.

Watt. Wine's a marvellous curer of modesty ; I find it so, and I'm as bashful as here and there one.

Cra. Unfortunately I've lived very much retired.

Watt. So did I lately.

Cra. In fact, I fairly locked myself up.

Watt. [Aside.] I was locked up, but I didn't do it myself.

Cra. I've avoided society, more especially that of ladies, for, do you know, there's something about a woman that always inspires me with fear.

Watt. There's something about a woman that always inspires me with courage. [They rise.]

Cra. I was contented with schoolastic triumphs ; when but a little fellow at school, you know I was always Dux.

Watt. Little fellows always are ducks.

Cra. Psha ! I mean, head of the class—Dux.

Watt. [Aside.] Goose, more likely.

Cra. My father intended me for parliament.

Watt. Then you'd ha' been one of those ducks that bring in a bill.

Cra. But I was too bashful for the house.

Watt. You should have tried it, sir ; a bashful member would have been a rarity.

Cra. I couldn't have spoken—to be sure I could have just supplied a vote.

Watt. If you only voted a supply you'd do.

Cra. Do you know what ?—

Watt. Snolts.

Cra. Snolts, do you know what ? So retired have been my habits, that I actually never drank champagne before.

Watt. No ! Bumpers ; the first bottle of champagne is quite a *hurra* in a man's existence.

Cra. A hurrah? an era you mean.

Watt. Hurrah, or here ah! they mean the same thing. Champagne is the wine of love.

Cra. So it is! so it is! I declare it makes one feel as if everybody was one's friend, and as if one was the friend of everybody. *[Rises, and staggers.]*

Watt. *[Aside.]* "Oh! that man should put an enemy into his mouth," that makes everybody his friend.

Cra. I'll abjure my books and mingle with the world.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Watt. Pooh! pooh!

Cra. Pooh! pooh! It's Pope, sir!

Watt. I don't care; then the Pope made a bull, for the proper study of mankind is woman.

Cra. So it is! so it is! Watt, I'm in love! I know I am. I feel a tingling through my heart up to my head!

Watt. In love! and with Miss Bygrove?

Cra. Nothing of the kind!—yet, I'm in love, Watt Snolts, and with another female in this house. Snolts, we'll drink her health, Watt. Here's Miss Morton, with three huzzas!

Watt. Miss Morton and three hussars!

Cra. I feel as bold as a lion! *[Reeling to L.]* I'll go and see her again. Watt, I'll tell her that she's been drunk.

Watt. *[Aside.]* You'll show her that you are drunk.

Cra. *[Staggering about.]* Watt, my boy, make yourself at home; my guest, you know I'm master here. Have another bottle—anything else? Don't be bashful—have what you like, only teach yourself that honourable stop—stop—what's the next? Come to the ladies! coffee's waiting! Stay where you are, then; but take care—don't get intoxicated—you're scarcely steady—now take care—don't commit me by any indiscretion—must be quiet at present, as you've got a footing in the family. Poor devil! I'm afraid he's drunk; some men can scarcely stand anything.

[Reels off, L.]

Watt. I've settled his business; now for my own. The Captain, no doubt, is waiting, and if I can but step out—*[Looking off, L.]* The devil! here comes Mary Grubb; what shall I do? hide—I must. *[Gets into the closet, R.]*

Enter MARY GRUBB, L.

Mary. Now I'll catch my gentleman. *[Looking round.]* Not here! that's odd! I'm sure he hasn't gone up to

coffee. I like Mrs. Morton taking his part—I wonder how she'd like to be promised to be married and be disappointed? Serve me right for being a fond-hearted fool! But Terence will be here presently; and though I've only known him a week, he's a month's mind to marry me. Here he comes, and he's quite as good-looking as Mr. Watt.

Enter TERENCE, L.

Ter. There you are, darling! Faith, the young philosopher gentleman's getting as frisky as an Irishman at a wake; or I'd been wid you in the garden.

Mary. I don't know that I ought to talk to you at all—you are such a gentleman.

Watt. [Aside, peeping from the closet.] Such a black-guard you mean!

Ter. I am. But, mavourneen, you're not afraid of an Irishman?

Watt. [Aside.] No, nor an Englishman either, I'll swear.

Mary. I'm an unhappy young woman, Mr. Connelly; a young man made love to me.

Ter. And does that make you unhappy? Sure 'twas as natural as life.

Mary. The wedding-day was fixed, it was, and the ring was bought, it was—and after all he never came, he didn't.

Ter. The thief of the world!

Mary. And when I saw him again, he said he didn't know me.

Ter. Oh, worrah! I wish I'd meet him, I'd thump him into recollection.

Mary. If you would, I'd be so grateful.

[*Watt disappears*

Ter. Then, darling, if it's yourself that wishes it, it's myself that'll do it. Where is he?

Mary. In this very house!

Ter. What, the quiet jontleman that's kicking up a row with the ladies? [Mary dissent.] Oh! 'other chap; tall, ill-looking devil! Shall I fling him out of the window?—drown him in the water-butt?—shoot him through the head?—or bate him black and blue?

Mary. Suppose you try the beating first; you know, it won't be too late to shoot him after.

Ter. Faith, my fist and his face shall be on visiting terms. But Mary, mavourneen, shan't we put a seal to the bargain? [He is about to kiss her—a whistle is heard.]

Mary. Hey—what's that?

Ter. Murther ! it's Captain Smith !

Watt. [Aside, from the closet.] What the devil does he know of Captain Smith ?

Ter. Sure, I promised to let him into the house, to say a word to my young lady, while master's out. [Goes to the window.] Whist ! whist ! aisy now ; I'll go down and get Glump out of the way, any how. Run, darlint, and tell your missus that the Captain's here. [Exit, l.

Mary. He's no true-bred Irishman, or he'd have taken the kiss if all the captains in Christendom were waiting.

[Exit, r.]

Watt. [Coming forward.] "Frailty, thy name is Grubb." Oh ! Mary Grub, Mary Grub ! Champagne has softened my heart, your cruelty will harden it. [A whistle again heard.] Captain Smith ! 'Gad, I may as well have the merit of getting him into the house. [Goes to the window.] Is that you ?

Captain. [Without.] Yes. Why, tney're fastening the street door !

Watt. You must wait till I can find means to get you in.

Captain. Wait ! it's raining like the devil.

Watt. Never mind ; I'll fasten something here and pull you up—these bell-ropes will do. [Tears down the bell-ropes, and fastens them to the balcony.] Zounds ! what a weight you are ; dreadful weight for a lover ! "Love, heavy lightness." [Pulls him in.]

Cap. 'Sdeath ! I hope no one has seen me.

Watt. Never mind, they'll only think you come after the cook.

Cap. The cook ! why ?

Watt. 'Cause you're all over dripping.

Mrs. Morton. [Without, r.] Shameful conduct ! Where is the Honourable Mr. Snolts ?

Watt. That's me ; I'm honourable at short notice. I must pop you somewhere—here, this closet. I'll see Miss Bygrove.

Cap. You'll return speedily, and with something cheering, I hope.

Watt. No doubt—in the meantime cheer yourself with that. [Gives him a bottle—Exit Captain into the closet.]

Enter MRS. MORTON, R.

Mrs. M. Mr. Snolts, it may appear extraordinary that I should thus intrude on you..

Watt. No intrusion at all, ma'am. [Aside.] She's smitten to a certainty! [Aloud.] Quite delighted by the honour, ma'am. [Aside.] 'Pon my soul, she's very well-looking for an old one!

Mrs. M. The conduct of Mr. Craven is unbearable!

Watt. You don't say so, ma'am! Why, what's the row?

Mrs. M. Sir!

Watt. I mean, what's he done?

Mrs. M. Done! you must be aware, sir, that he has drunk too much wine.

Watt. [Aside.] Stingy devil! [Aloud.] 'Pon my soul, 'twarn't my fault, ma'am. I told him champagne came expensive; but you see, ma'am, not content with drinking here, he has actually taken a bottle away with him.

Mrs. M. The low wretch! He came to my room, overturned the toast, knocked down the oven, opened my birdcage, and set my favourite flying. [Crosses to L.]

Watt. Oh, ma'am! that was only his lark!

Mrs. M. His lark! I tell you 'twas my canary.—Then he made violent love to my daughter and niece.

Cap. [At the closet.] The devil! [Coming out.] I'll—

Watt. [Apart to the Captain.] Be still, will you?—[Aloud.] Why, really—quite horrid, ma'am.

Mrs. M. They left the room to avoid him—he jumps out of the window and chaces my niece's maid over the tulip-beds.

Watt. [Aside.] That's Mary. [Aloud.] It's dreadful, ma'am, that your servant should be *chaste*.

Mrs. M. Will you interfere and prevent it, sir?

Watt. I'll do all that I can, ma'am. Shall I send for him here?

Mrs. M. We will, sir. I'll ring, and—Why, where's the bell-rope?

Watt. Oh, the devil! Ma'am, with sorrow I say it, but some one (don't ask me whom) pulled down that rope!

Mrs. M. Why, it was but this very day it was put up by the locksmith!

Watt. [Aside.] And this very day it was pulled down for another Smith!

Enter GLUMP, L.

Glump. Please, mum, the gentleman's going it stronger than ever—he's a holloaing voraciously; and when I tried to prevent him, he said he'd kick me into heterinity; and I believe he would if I'd stopped!

Mrs. M. Kick my servant! Tell him to leave the house.

Glump. I will—though I suppose he wont, for all my axing. [Exit, L.

Mrs. M. I'll send for Mr. Morton instantly. I am sorry to be obliged to act so by a friend of yours, sir.

Watt. He's no friend of mine, ma'am, that's true—I'm shocked, deeply. [The Captain appears, trying to escape.] I never knew him to do so before—[Apart to the Captain.] can't you keep still behind?—[Aloud.] but if he don't instantly obey, ma'am, and abscond, I'll—

Re-enter GLUMP, L.

Glump. He's badder than ever now.

Mrs. M. [Earnestly.] Did you tell him to leave the house?

Glump. I did.

Mrs. M. What did he say?

Glump, He said he warn't going to taking it along with him!

Mrs. M. Go to your master. Tell him what has transpired.

Glump. [Going.] I will—I'll tell him what has per spired!

Mrs. M. Bid him come home, whether Mr. Sweetman's dead or alive!

Glump. And I'll tell him to come hence, dead or alive! [Exit, L.

Mrs. M. Pray do, sir, go to Mr. Craven; he swore just now he'd set the house a-fire, and we are not insured yet!

Watt. I'll go, ma'am. [Apart to the Captain.] Lie close. [Aside.] I shall fall in with that Irishman, I suppose. [Aloud.] I'm off, ma'am! [Aside.] I wish I was safe in the Fleet again! [Exit, L.

Mrs. M. My spirits are quite overcome! An impudent fellow, with his mock-modesty! Where are my keys?—[Going to the closet.] the curaçoa is here, I think. [Fits in the key.] Oh, it's open! [The Captain darts out, and runs off, L. S. E.] Ha! robbery—thieves—James—Mary—Jenny!

Enter MARY, R., TERENCE and WATT, L.

Mary. What the matter, ma'am?

Watt. [Aside.] The Captain's the matter, I suppose.

Mrs. M. Thieves—thieves! there's a man in the cupboard.

Ter. [Looking.] Devil a man I see at all!

Watt. [Aside.] He's off—huzza! [Aloud.] Who could it possibly be, ma'am?

Mary. Are you sure it was a man?

Mrs. M. Do you think I don't know a man when I see him?

Watt. Of course you do, ma'am.

Mrs. M. How he could have got in puzzles me.

Watt. [Aside.] How he could have got out, puzzles me more.

Mrs. M. Would you, sir, go over the house with this person and see?

Ter. Come along, honey; I've something to say by the road.

Watt. [Aside.] Oh, the devil! he'll souse me in the water-butt. [Aloud.] No necessity at all, ma'am, I've no fear. [Aside, looking at Terence.] He seems a steady chap. [Aloud.] I'll go alone—stay here all of you.

Mrs. M. Indeed you shall not; who knows but the fellow may have an accomplice already in the house?

Watt. I shouldn't wonder; allow me to place you in safety. This way, ma'am.

[*Exeunt Watt and Mrs. Morton, R.*]

Ter. It's the Captain; so make yourself easy, darling; and as for that spaldeen, he's a dead man as sure as I'm alive!

Mary. No, no, you mustn't shoot him. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Chamber at Morton's.*

Enter CAPTAIN SMITH and HARRIET BYGROVE, R.

Har. My dear Captain, how did you get into the house?

Cap. By the aid of a former servant of mine, who is now here, though under what title I know not. He popped me into the closet, into which your aunt popped her head—I popped out, and beat a retreat.

Har. She having seen you, concealment is vain.

Cap. She didn't know me, but took me for a thief.

Enter TERENCE with pistols, L.

Ter. Run, Captain, run—what'll I do to hide you entirely?

Har. Can you think of no place?

Ter. None but the water-butt, and that's no ways convenient. I have it: the ould lady's gone down with the honourable gentleman to see if the thief's below.

Har. She'll search every place, I'm sure.

Ter. Barring the cupboard she saw him run out of.—She'll not look there again. Back wid you, the key's there: lock it, Miss, and take the key, cause then no one can disturb you.

Har. Come, you must be again a prisoner.

Cap. Willingly, with you for my jailer.

[*Exeunt Harriet and the Captain, R.*

Ter. Aisy, now, up stairs—there's no thief to shoot after all; it's a murdering pity the pistols should lie idle. When the hubbub's over I'll find the Honourable Mr. —what the devil is his name?—and if he don't resign his pretensions, by this and by that, I'll teach him better manners.

[*Examining pistols.*

If a quarrel's arising, it's really surprising,
To find the advising a bullet bestows;

There never was yet ill, but that darling metal
Soon managed to settle with friends or with foes.

[*Exit, L.*

Enter EMILY, followed by CRAVEN, rather "elevated,"
c. d. f.

Cra. My dear madam, will you hear for a moment?

Emily. Mr. Craven, what will my cousin think? you know you are her suitor.

Cra. But I know I shan't suit her—Miss Morton, I adore you—I know my bashfulness stands in my way.

Emily. Not at all, sir, believe me.

Cra. As to Miss Bygrove, madam, she's doubtless very amiable; but I hear she's given her heart to another.—Now, I decidedly must have a lady entire, heart and all. I feel, madam, that to-night's my hour for wooing; we can't command to-morrow, so say the word—won't you, madam?—Nay, don't take away your hand; if you do, I shall never be able to support it.

Emily. My father, sir, what will he say to so sudden a courtship?—he'll never consent.

Cra. What does that matter, madam? I don't want to marry your father, but you.

Emily. Unsanctioned by him, our acquaintance couldn't be carried on.

Cra. But you might be carried off. Beloved Emily, hear me breathe forth my rapture. Miss Bygrove and other ladies may choose to quiz my timidity, steadiness, and sobriety, but you will not,—will you, beloved Emily?

Emily. I trust, sir, I should never treat with ridicule, qualities that should inspire my esteem. 'Tis true that Harriet's affections are engaged; and, if hereafter—indeed, Mr. Craven, the embarrassment of this moment overpowers me!

[Goes up.]

Cra. [Aside.] Bravo—bravo, my boy! I never over-powered a lady before—I'm inspired—I'll do a bold impudent thing—I'll, I'll—kiss her hand! [Placing chairs.] Miss Morton, your affability and—[Aside.]—hang it! I'm relapsing! I feel my bashfulness coming again! [Aloud.] Miss Morton, my accents can scarcely do justice to feelings—feelings—

Emily. Ah! Mr. Craven, I can anticipate what you would say.

Cra. Thank ye, ma'am.

Emily. The heart, Mr. Craven, when the lip fails, often finds utterance at the eyes.

Cra. [Aside.] She's observed the peculiar sparkle of my eyes—I will do it! [Aloud.] Let me thus speak my rapture, for as you say, when the lip fails—[Kisses her hand—aside.] the lip has not failed. [Aloud.] Be not offended, Miss Emily, I won't do it again; you must attribute it to the strength of my affection, [Aside] and the champagne!

Emily. Indeed, Mr. Craven, I must not prolong this interview; but be assured I am not insensible to the offer of your affections.

Cra. And will you not please me yours? [She turns away.—Aside.] Her lips fail; mine shan't. [Aloud.] Let me on that ruby casket print a—[Kisses her.]

Enter MARY GRUBB, L.

Mary. Gimini—gracious! I shouldn't have thought it!

Cra. [Aside.] Nor I; I didn't think it was in me.

Emily. Mary, I desire you do not misconstrue our little harmless gaieties.

Cra. No, don't misconstrue our harmless gaieties. Retire awhile, my love, I'll settle it; but meet me again, my Emily. [Exit Emily, R.]

Mary. So that's my prudent young lady. I'm glad she didn't ask what I was going to do with this wine; I won't blab if she holds her tongue.

Cra. My dear, don't you misconstrue anything. [Aside.] 'Pon my soul, she's pretty—I never looked at the girls so much before. [Aloud.] What have you there?

Mary. You're sure you won't tell, if I tell you, sir?

Cra. I never kiss and tell.

Mary. I'm so happy! I've made it up with Dicky Watt.

Cra. And where is he? [Mary points.] What d'ye mean by that?

Mary. Why, sir, my Dicky and the other gentleman has been quarrelling about me, sir, and nearly fit, sir, and so Dicky's locked up out of the way, sir; and I was going to take a drop of wine to comfort him, till I could pacify the Irish gentleman. [Going.]

Cra. Stay, stay, most philanthropic waiting-woman; you shall first drink the health of Mrs. Craven. [Pouring out the wine.] Now my Hebe of the home department. [They drink.] Now, one bumper to the health of Mr. and Mrs. Watt!

Mary. Oh, sir, I couldn't indeed—I'm so ashamed!

Cra. Drink, my dear; that's the only cure for bashfulness.

Mary. Indeed, I must go now, sir; poor Dicky's waiting in the coal-cellar!

Cra. One glass more to the health of everybody! Stop! ere you leave me, I must have one kiss!

Mary. Oh! sir, I couldn't think of such a thing.

Cra. Do it without thinking.

Mary. You'll break the glasses! [Puts them down.] How can you, sir? [He kisses her.] Now I'll go and comfort Dicky Watt. [Crosses and exits, R.]

Cra. 'Pon my soul, I get a very impudent fellow.

[Exit, L.]

SCENE IV.—*Exterior of Mr. Morton's House, with iron area rails—circular iron plate to the coal vault in the paving, L. C.—Dark.*

Enter MR. MORTON and GLUMP, R.

Mor. Pooh, pooh! coming with a cock-and-a-bull story to me, disturbing a sick house. You're all mad!

Glump. I don't know about t'others—I'm as sensible as ever.

Mor. Open the door. A thief, indeed! all's quiet enough.

Glump. [Trying with a key.] The door's bolted.

Mor. Well, ring, then. [Glump pulls the bell.] My duck has found out her mistake, and is heartily ashamed, I dare say. What will Mr. Craven think, poor timid young man?

Glump. Timid, is he? You wouldn't ha' said so, if you'd seen him scampering down the garden without never no hat, after the young ladies?

Mor. Don't try to put me out of temper with your falsehoods, don't! Surely they're a-bed; ring again.

Glump. (c.) There! I've nearly pulled the bell up by the roots!

Mor. We shall have some one up now, I warrant me— [The circular iron coal plate moves—WATT'S head rises.] Eh?—Glump, Glump—what's that?—what's that coming from the area? Is it a man, or a spirit?

Glump. [Crossing to L.] A little airy spirit!

Watt. Curse it! this is more difficult than getting through the act!

Mor. Why, it's the Honourable Augustus Snolts!—There's something at the bottom of all this.

Glump. Yes, and some't at the top, too! Look there!

Mor. Hush! [They retire up, L. S. E.]

MARY appears at the first floor window, L. F.

Mary. Hist! Dicky, don't be a fool—you'll get taken up!

Watt. That's what I want—I shall never be able to get up by myself!

Mary. Old missus has locked all the doors!

Watt. I know it; I just popped into the coal-cellar to avoid that murdering Irishman, and she turned the key! Has she found out the Captain?

Mary. No.

Mor. Captain! D—n it! they're banditti!

Watt. You know how I pulled the Captain in? Now, if you could find me a rope—

Mor. You'll have a rope found you soon enough!—Glump, go fetch the police.

Glump. I'll go and find a suspector! [Exit, L.]

Watt. I can't stay here; the d—d rats are nibbling at my new boots! I shouldn't care if I'd a bottle of champagne and a candle.

Mor. Luxurious housebreaker!

Mary. Missus is skuttling about the house; I can't stay—and here's Mr. Craven, too—pop down again.

[She disappears from the window.]

Watt. Pop down! D—n the rats! what a shame to make coal cellars so small—holloa! [Falls through.

Mor. It's very odd they don't answer the bell.—Mercy on me! they've surely murdered Mrs. M.—I should certainly have heard her voice by this time if she was alive. Poor Craven, too, the victim of a band of cut-throats—poor, quiet, harmless youth!

Craven. [Within the house.] I'll find you I will! [Calling.] Holloa! D—n it all! the doors are locked. My lovely Emily, where are you? This is the most inhospitable house I ever was in; one isn't allowed one's innocent enjoyments. [A crash heard, R.

CRAVEN appears at the first floor window, L. F.

I'll get out of the window—by the Lord Harry I will!

Mor. I verily believe I'm petrified into a piece of the pavement!

Watt. [Rising.] I can't stand this, and that's flat!

Cra. Holloa! Dicky Watt, is that you?—How are you—snug birth there?

Watt. Very: I've often heard of being hard up in a clink, but I never knew what it was before. The old tabby's locked me in.

Cra. So she has me; but I've an airy bedroom.

Watt. And I've a bedroom in the area.

Cra. She's sent for her old fool of a husband. But I've done a devilish droll thing—what do you think I've done?

Mor. [Aside.] Murdered 'em all in their beds, I suppose.

Cra. Terence broke all the knockers, and I've broken all the bell wires; so when Old Mumble comes he won't be able to make himself heard.

Mor. [Aside.] So, so: I'll go round and let the police in by the garden-gate. What a murderous young villain it is! [Exit, L.

Watt. I've rubbed all the skin off my back. I wish I could get out.

Cra. I will get out!—I have it—capital plan—glorious fun—I'll set the house a-fire; they'll open the doors then fast enough!

Watt. Set the house a-fire! Oh, hang it! don't; they'll never think of unlocking the coal-cellars.

Cra. I will! I'll set light to the room-door and release myself. Glorious idea! [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha!

[He disappears from the window.—Lights are seen.

Watt. Don't be a fool! you'll be hung—setting a house a-fire is infanticide.—Do you hear? Murder—thieves—fire—engines—murder in a coal-cellar!—How the rats will bite when they begin to burn!

[He struggles and falls through again.

SCENE V.—*A Room in Morton's House.*

Enter MARY GRUBB, L.

Mary. Oh, d—dear!—Fire—fire—fire! What'll become of me and my poor Dicky? he'll be burnt to chips in the coal-cellar! What shall I do?

Enter TERENCE, L.

Ter. Mary, my darling, don't be frightened; isn't Terence at your elbow?

Mary. What good's that when the house is a-fire, and missus won't give up the keys, and let nothing go out!

Ter. I wish the fire would go out.

Enter GLUMP, L.

Glump. The suspector's comed; and some chaps along wi' him have distinguished the fire!

Ter. The devil may care, then! Come along, jewel!

Mary. Stay—are you sure the fire's out?

Glump. I am. Vot make you duberous?

Mary. 'Cause it may be burning in the coal-cellar, and no one know anything about it.

Glump. There aint no great fire there, but a single spark!

Ter. Och! murder!

Glump. We seed him fall down; and now he's took up —the suspector's arter him! [Exit, L.]

Mary. Oh! Dicky Watt! Dicky Watt! [Exit, R.]

Ter. To the devil with your taste entirely! If you are after preferring that spaldeen to an Irish gentleman, I'm bothered entirely! [Exit, L.]

SCENE VI.—*A Dining Room at Mr. Morton's.*

Enter MR. MORTON, Policeman, &c., L.

Mor. (L.) It's only me—don't be alarmed! Oh! here are the girls.

Enter MRS. MORTON, HARRIET BYGROVE, and EMILY MORTON, R.

Mor. Now I don't care.

Mrs. M. (c.) Don't care! We shall all be burnt alive!

Har. (R. c.) No, mamma, the fire is extinguished; and happily without damage.

Mrs. M. And where is that reprobate? that fire-fiend that you introduced as the modest, meek young gentleman?

Cra. [Without.] Hasn't a man a right to set fire to his bed-room if he likes? What's become of our liberties?

Enter CRAVEN, L., in custody.

Mor. Mr. Craven, your conduct has been atrocious!

Cra. How so? I'm sure I've done my utmost to make myself agreeable—haven't I, Miss? But if your good lady will lock me up in her bed-room, what could I do?—

“Virtue endanger'd, took a stern resolve.”

Mrs. M. Sir, you have made love to my daughter!

Cra. That was her beauty's fault.

Mrs. M. Run after my maids all over the house!

Cra. That was their fault—if they'd stopped at first, I shouldn't have run at all.

Mor. Sir, you've set fire to my house

Cra. That was your wife's fault.

Mor. You are intoxicated!

Cra. That's your champagne's fault.

Mor. I renounce you! my niece is not for a drunken reveller.

Cra. Better words, or you'll sink in my estimation, sir.

Mor. 'Sdeath! if Captain Smith were here, I'd prove my disgust for your conduct, by tendering her hand to him.

Captain. [In the closet, R.] Holloa! let me out!

Mor. Then there is a real robber, after all! Here, man, shoot him through the door!

Cra. Shoot him, by all means. I never saw a man shot through a door in all my life!

Har. Rather shoot him through my heart! Your pistol is unneeded, for here is the robber.

Enter CAPTAIN SMITH from the closet.

Omnes. Captain Smith!

Cra. Devilish disappointing ! I never saw a man shot ! I'd have given five pounds to see you do it !

Mor. [Passionately.] What the deuce is—

Har.

Emily. } Oh, sir !
Cap.

[They retire up, c.]

Cra. Madam, allow me to assure you, that though my conduct may have exhibited a little levity, I was never wanting in a feeling of profound respect for Mr. Morton.

Glump. [Without, l.] We've caught the hairy spirit ! He was a swomding away upon the nubly coals !

Enter GLUMP and Policemen, lugging in WATT, his face and clothes blackened, l., and MARY GRUBB, r.

Watt. 'Pon my soul I ain't a thief ! Ask that young woman—I came to meet her !

Glump. Oh, yes, my swell, you look like a *meet-er* !

Watt. I look like a coal meter !

Mrs. M. What, the Honourable Mr. Snolts !

Watt. Yes, ma'am, whom you locked in your coal-vaults !

Policeman. But how came you there ?

Mary. He came to meet me, he did !

Mor. [To the Policeman.] You may go, friend, but call on me to morrow.

Glump. Then master 'll have some more chaps for you to take up, perhaps. Come, Mr. Suspector, and I'll give you a good drink of small beer to keep the cold off your stomach ! [Exeunt Glump and Policeman, l.]

Cap. Mr. Craven and I understand each other. He acknowledges his error, but hopes to prove hereafter, that he is not unworthy of the honour he seeks.

Emily. Indeed, pa, Mr. Craven's not so *very* much to blame !

Mor. What do you say for yourself, sir ?

Cra. Champagne, sir—not my fault, but the champagne's ! All I said, all I did, all I felt, was only champagne, except in one point—[Turning to *Emily*.]—and *there*—

Watt. It's no *sham pain*—I feel just the same ! Mary, my rose-bud !

Mor. Hey-day !

Har. You must forgive poor Mr. Watt—he bears the marks of contrition on his countenance !

Watt. I bear the marks of the coal-cellar on my countenance!

[*Mary wipes his face with her apron—Watt kisses her.*

Cra. Let it go round!

[*Watt again kisses Mary, l.—Mr. and Mrs. Morton embrace in R. corner—Captain Smith kisses Harriet's hand—Craven is about to kiss Emily—she steps back—he kisses her hand, and they burst into a finale.*

FINALE.—AIR, *March in "Masaniello."*

Hey, for the dear wedding day,

Ev'ry eye, ev'ry heart shall be gay;

Should care join our train, why a glass of Champagne

Shall drive the intruder away!

Females. Rapture gleaming, beauty beaming—
Glances glowing—

Omnes. Goblets flowing!
Hey for the dear, &c.

[*When the Finale is not Sung,*]

Cra. Thus we seal universal pardon; and if I happily thrive in my suit, [*Advancing to the Audience*] I must attribute it to your goodness—and to—to—

Watt. His First Champagne!

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

CAP. HAR. MRS. M. MOR. EMILY. CRA. MARY. WATT.

[R.]

[L.]

THE END.

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